UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Industrial Democracy

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Back to Sofia

By BENJAMIN P. CHASS

The Outlawry of War

By JUSTICE FLORENCE E. ALLEN

The Dynastic State in History

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER 17

Chicago, June 26, 1924

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : Editors : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1924 NUMBER 17

Our readers will kindly take notice that the custom of the last few years will be followed this summer of issuing UNITY bi-weekly. The summer dates are July 10 and 24, August 7 and 21, September 4 and 18. Subscriptions will be extended upon request. Readers are urged to send in changes of address as early as possible in order that they may not miss an issue.

It doesn't seem possible that anything could have been worse than the Convention which the Republicans conducted at Cleveland. The utter perfunctoriness of the proceedings, the shameless hypocrisy of the speeches and the resolutions, the silly exhibitions of laboriously pumped-up enthusiasm, the sheer dishonesty of partisanship, the blind hostility to everything savoring of progress and enlightenment, would seem to mark the nadir of futility. Yet it might have been worse! Set your imagination to work, for example, and picture, or try to picture, what this Convention would have been had Harding been alive. The "Ohio gang" would have been in full control of the orgy. Daugherty would have been toast-master, Fall and McClean in the front seats, Burns and his thugs on a fresh "red"-hunt as a smoke-screen for the Convention debauch. The scenes in hotel-rooms and private houses would have defied all decent description, and the conspiracies for new raids in the treasury all adequate enumeration. This is what might have been. And now look at the Democratic Convention assembled at Madison Square Garden in New York! When that crowd disperses after the usual counterfeit speeches and performances, with candidates for president and vice-president at last chosen from the contending array of candidates, there will have been enough bargains struck and promises made by the politicians to fill every penitentiary of the city if the secrets were made known. This Convention will be the Chicago of 1920 all over again! Yes, the Cleveland Convention might have been worse. Speeches, platform, prayers, parades were certainly terrible. But Daugherty wandered about unrecognized and alone, Henry Cabot Lodge was duly squelched, and an honest and respectable, if utterly commonplace, man nominated for the presidency. And best of all, there was rebellion in the ranks—fearless, uncompromising, far-visioned rebellion! When the Wisconsin delegation presented their platform, voiced their protest, and voted for their great leader, La Follette, they saved the Convention from disgrace, and made the one contribution which the Republican Party can still offer to the future.

When we read the platforms put out by these political conventions, we feel conscience-stricken that we should ever have spoken a word of condemnation of the churches for their utterances on public questions of great moment. If we have time and again been impatient with the churches, and denounced their evasions and equivocations and silences, it has of course been because we have judged them by the highest standard —namely that of their own ideal. Looked at from the point of view of the commandments of God, the precepts and life of Jesus, the dictates of conscience and the instinctive aspirations of the soul, how far the churches fall short, how feebly they serve the Kingdom! But suppose we look at these churches once in a while, in all fairness, from the ordinary human point of view. Suppose we remember that their members, after all, are simply men and women, to be compared in their field of endeavor not with angels and archangels, but with other men and women in other fields of endeavor. If we do this, do we not discover at once that the churches are doing pretty well—that they are still leaders in honesty of purpose, courage of conviction, and clearness of ideal? This certainly is the lesson of the political and the religious conventions which have been held in this country this spring and early summer. Take the Republican platform (the Democratic platform has not been published at this writing, but it will be the same!), for example, with its non-committal phrases, its "mush of concession" to this expediency and that, its straddling of all vital issues, its apologies for wrong, its blindness to basic principles of justice and to all far-flung ideals of human emancipation and enlightenment. Compare with this the clear-cut, courageous, forward-looking platform utterances of the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and a half-dozen other religious bodies—and how amazing the difference! If there is any leadership today, after all, it's in the churches. They at least see "the heavenly vision," even though they are not always obedient unto it.

We are not so young nor so unsophisticated that we regard political conventions with any seriousness any longer. Especially have we learned in our advancing

old age to take the speeches at conventions for the "bunkum" that they always are. Ninety per cent of the "key-note speech" at the recent Republican Convention, by so able and honorable a man as the Hon. Theodore E. Burton, was "bunkum" of this traditionally sacred variety. But one portion of the speech was serious and important. We refer to Mr. Burton's somewhat extended analysis of the history of the League of Nations, and his statement as to its character and prospects. This was important because of Mr. Burton's own record on the issue. He is himself one of the outstanding leaders of the cause of international peace in the field of American politics. For many years, with fine sincerity and exceptional learning, he has given himself to the work of disarmament, arbitration, and general concord among the nations of the earth. He supported the League of Nations in the beginning, and did what he could to bring America into its membership. Now he surveys the situation, after five years of history, and speaks as follows:

> Although the covenant of the League of Nations was made a part of this treaty, nevertheless at the very outset the organization was handicapped and its prospective usefulness most seriously impaired. An instrument designed to secure peace should never have been made a part of a treaty bristling all over with provisions for punishment and for the dominance of the victors. Two objects so inconsistent cannot stand together. It is partly for this reason that developments since the treaty was signed have not been favorable to the effectiveness or usefulness of the League in larger matters. It has not been able to settle any of the great questions. Plans for the abatement of military expenditure and for reduction of armies have failed. Smaller nations have not been treated on terms of equality. It was well said by General Smuts, one of the leading proponents of the covenant, that over some provisions of the treaty the sponge of oblivion might well be drawn.
>
> We have refused to join the League of Nations, and this is in full accord with the wishes of the vast majority of the American people, as I believe. As one, however, who favored our entrance into that organization with proper reservations, I may speak of it dispassionately. A meeting of the representatives of various nations around a table for the adjustment of differences and securing a common viewpoint is a splendid conception. We welcome whatever of good may be accomplished by the League, and we recognize that in humanitarian and non-political matters it has accomplished beneficent results. In some of these activities we have taken part, and will no doubt in the future. But this does not mean that we should assume membership. We are still confronted with the fact that Europe has a system of offensive and defensive alliances which are entirely alien to our most cherished policies. Our traditions and our hopes are widely different. We cannot relinquish that independence which is the natural result of our detached position. So long as the League remains a political body, inevitably dominated by the larger nations of Europe, poisoned with the traditions of age-long animosities, membership is not for us.

This comes as near to being an exact statement of the situation today, as anything we have ever seen.

E. D. Morel, in the June issue of his invaluable paper, *Foreign Affairs* (London), calls attention to an aspect of the French election results which we are afraid is unknown or unappreciated on this side of the water. He writes (page 245):

> While it does not do to exaggerate the effect of external influences upon a French general election, we think there can be no question that the present British Prime Minister's diplomacy, as revealed in his letters to M. Poincaré and in his public speeches, contributed not a little to the creation of an atmosphere in France calculated to ingeminate the conviction that *la paix* was securable by other methods than those pursued by M. Poincaré.

This statement only confirms what we have always felt —that the coming into power of MacDonald and the British Labor Party marked the turning-point in the affairs of post-war Europe. When one thinks that Baldwin and his Tories might still be in office, had it not been for their own insane folly on the protection issue, one is convinced it is indeed true that whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. With MacDonald's accession to power, unexpected as his advent was, everything began to change. Immediately there started a succession of events which has now reached its dramatic and momentous climax in the overthrow of Poincaré, the retirement of Millerand, and the entrance of Herriott and the radicals upon French leadership. The people of France, in other words, were sound all along. What they needed was a situation in which they could function—and it was this that MacDonald gave them. How wonderfully promising is the outlook these days—all because those who made the war are gone, and those who hated and opposed the war are come. "Blessed are the peace-makers" indeed!

A discouraging, indeed amazing, thing has just happened in England. It pertains to the famous Amritsar massacre in India, on April 13, 1919, which marked a turning-point in the life of Gandhi and in the history of his country. It will be remembered that General Dyer had been sent to this Indian city to restore and maintain order among the people who were being stirred by revolutionists. In the course of quieting existing disturbances, the General undertook to disperse a certain public assembly in the market-place. There is conflicting testimony as to just what happened, but one thing at least is known—that at a particular moment General Dyer commanded his troops to fire upon the unarmed people—men, women, children, old and young. When the smoke had cleared away, it was found that nearly four hundred (400) persons had been killed, and three times as many wounded. This was the "Lexington" of the Indian crusade for independence! The Lloyd-George government, then in power, did what it could to mend matters. The horror was properly investigated, and General Dyer condemned and retired. Now comes a turn in affairs! For in a libel suit just decided in London, a Mr. Justice McCarty, of the King's Bench Court, lays down the opinion that General Dyer was justified in what he did. Addressing the jury the Justice said:

> Speaking with full deliberation and knowing the whole of the evidence given in this case, I express my view that General Dyer, under grave and exceptional circumstances, acted rightly, and, in my opinion upon this evidence, he was wrongly punished by the Secretary of State for India.

And the jury agreed with the Justice! We wonder what kind of evidence Mr. McCarty read, and what

kind of evidence can ever justify the slaughter of unarmed people by armed soldiery. Imperialism is a foul disease, and it bites deep into the consciences of men.

Good news comes from Russia with the word that the Theological Academy of the Russian Church at Moscow has been reopened after being closed for six years. It is to be carefully noted that this event does not mean in any sense of the word the recrudescence of the old Orthodox Church. On the contrary, this is the latest evidence of the continued progress of that heretical movement, the "Living Church," which holds the same relation to the old Russian hierarchy that Lutheranism or Calvinism held toward medieval Catholicism in the early days of the Reformation. The "Living Church" has been killed off a dozen times by our infallible newspapers. But as a matter of fact it has steadily prospered, and is now more than ever the dominant religious force in the new Republic. The reopening of this Theological Academy is only the latest triumph of the movement. We suspect that it also represents the first fruits, so to speak, of the great campaign by Bishop Blake and Dr. Hartmann among the Methodists of this country for a fund of $50,000 to help the leaders of the "Living Church" in their labors for an educated clergy. At any rate, we notice that our friend, Dr. Hecker, a Methodist, is a member of the faculty, and that he delivered the inaugural address, in which he said that the old academy had trained priests and liturgists, but that the new one was going to produce pastors and evangelists. Incidentally, this impressive event in the religious history of modern Russia sheds a ray or two of light upon the question of the attitude of the Bolsheviki toward the church and religion generally. Surely it is evident—isn't it?—that persecutions must be terrible when such an event as this can happen publicly! Who can doubt that the Bolsheviki are indeed resolved to wipe out religion root and branch?

The American churches continue in most impressive fashion to go on record as in favor of the Outlawry of War. The latest report to come to hand is that of action taken by the Evangelical Synod of North America in a set of Resolutions which constitute the most remarkable utterance on the war question that we have yet seen. We had thought that the Methodist and the Presbyterian statements were going to indicate the high-water mark for some time to come, but this Evangelical statement sweeps beyond and above them. We print these Resolutions in "The Field" this week. Note the proclamation that the Synod "declare war to be outlawed and urge our government in international conference to seek and strive after and encourage the outlawry of all war through international agreement and law." More remarkable still is the action of this conference of Christians in advising the government that "because of the increasing profound, conscientious convictions within our churches that war is un-Christian, it cannot expect our financial, moral, social, or political influence in any future war." Here at last is a declaration that reaches the goal of utter divorce between religion and war. It is Christianity coming at last to the position of the Christ, which is that of absolute pacifism. All in all, as we survey what has been accomplished in the church conferences this spring, we are more than ever persuaded that a new chapter is being written in the history of the war against war. What the pacifists foresaw and foretold is coming to pass—the denunciation of *all* war under *all* circumstances and conditions.

Industrial Democracy

Many persons, disappointed with political democracy, are telling us that what we now need is industrial democracy. But how can we help being disappointed again? The question is like that of the youth who growing up to manhood begins to discover that merely being a man does not satisfy him. What does he want? What has he a right to want? What idea has he got of being a man? He can never be satisfied till he has conceived the right idea of a man, and applies himself to become that man and do that man's kind of work.

So men talk of democracy without trying to know what democracy truly is. Why do they want it and what do they conceive it would do for them? Is it anything that they may rightly expect would satisfy them? It is too true that men have never as yet seen a worthy political democracy and helped to make it work so as to be satisfied with it; not in the United States in the days of Washington or Lincoln; not in a single State government; not even in any town-meeting, that has ever been described in a book so that we can read about it. Everywhere we find disappointment, without a golden age anywhere. All that can be said is what President Eliot of Harvard has said, namely, that democratic government, as we have it in the United States, has worked on the whole better than any other kind of government of which we know. This is not to say that we have had real political democracy. Thank the Lord that we do not have to call such performances as have gone on in the past winter at the national capital, by the name of democratic government!

The trouble with our democracy is not far to seek. Democracy in probably most minds is a system of political machinery. If you can have an election every little while, and compel every man and woman to vote, and choose out of a long slate-ful of possible candidates almost every kind of officer, and secure majori-

ties, or even a plurality for your winning party, you think it is a democracy, and hold up your hands with amazement when you wake up to see how impotent you are to correct the abuses of which men used to complain under every old world monarchy. Moreover, your democracy is made to be as expensive in taxes as any system that has ever existed. This is what happens and must happen, where men think of the mechanistic meaning of democracy and discover the pathetic hopelessness of paper majorities.

The truth is, however (never to be repeated too often), that democracy is the rule of the spirit; that it is based in the humanity of the men and women who compose the State; that it requires a certain friendly attitude of each toward the other; that it cannot thrive where hate is, or contempt, or pride of clan or race, but it draws upon the best that is in people, namely, their good-will. In other words, it is the kind of co-operative rule, or government, or rather, the orderly and effective administration, that a people of good will normally use toward each other in view of the general welfare. And what is the democratic ideal of the general welfare? Is it not the utmost development and expression of life, that is, of man's life, not oxen's, not dogs', but of an all-round human life, rich on the side of the intelligence, the fruitful, the artistic fulfilment; the generous accomplishments of all that creates true wealth, and best of all thorough character. You cannot set your ideal too high! We have actually seen it, but so far on the small scale.

There is nothing here about machinery, or voting machines, or majorities; nothing is said about men being born equal. There is no claim that a majority as such deserves reverence or obedience any more than a Hohenzollern. But a sensible anarchist ought to agree that, wherever human beings are gathered to live and to get a proper living, there would be the need of some order and co-operation and mutual helpfulness. A good anarchist wants good roads and needs a "rule of the road," like any other man. Any sensible socialist or communist ought also to agree that freedom is a big item in human happiness. For the purpose of illustrating our meaning a successful household or a well-managed school-room might serve us here as well as to read from the papers of Alexander Hamilton. How to secure the utmost freedom possible, and at the same time guard the interest of the backward, unambitious, ill-nourished members of society is never going to be answered by making rules. Indeed success in human relations comes with few rather than many rules. No one can pretend any longer that one man or a group or a majority can rightfully impose their will upon the others. Where does such a claim come from? Just because man is a spiritual being, and because a good will is the highest fruit of the spirit, we can tolerate no requirements save those that appeal to the common conscience and the best judgment of all of us. You have lost your democracy when you make a conscription law.

Have we not all the suggestions that we need for political or industrial democracy? What is your ideal of industrial welfare? Not bigness of factory output, not increase of national wealth, not deposits in the Savings Banks, not even freedom from strikes, but a constantly increasing product of grown up and all-round men able and glad to do honest work, a general satisfaction among all workers in the excellent character and social usefulness of their work, and a spirit of respect, such as good workmen of every kind naturally inspire in their fellows. "But," someone insists, "we want democratic equality; we want either to have a share of the profits of business, or else to put a stop to the permission of profits and interest; we want to help run the business and to play the part of the 'boss' now and then or else put an end to 'bosses.' We question whether money is not a nuisance and needless; we should like to run our industries without any money. Let us make laws both to put an end to poverty and to hereditary fortunes. Let us order our affairs so that no one's children may have advantage over the children of the humblest people."

All these things, however desirable they seem, are outward. You may imagine them all to be brought about, as some of the communists predict, by a great and even bloody revolution. In that case you would not have achieved democracy nor a peaceful commonwealth nor industrial contentment. Nothing can be permanent except a grave-yard that rests upon the methods of violence, or that fails to bring in a new harvest of good-will. Nothing but mutual respect and a general desire for the common welfare can make envy, jealousy, egotism and hate cease to worry men's hearts. The big question as to the adoption of any new plan for human welfare is whether you are going to level down or build up. Suppose we pass a vote to cut off the heads of all the captains of industry. Does anyone suppose that there would not appear at once another crop of arrogant heads, as in the French Revolution, that would need to be cut off? Nature is forever at work creating differences, surprising us with originalities, delighting in inequalities. A good democracy would be pleased in accepting this wonderful law. Intelligent democrats always cry out for more and greater men than they are themselves. The more happy and busy and original men and women and children are the better for the whole host of us. To this end we vote to let the tall trees grow as tall as they can.

The beneficent law is to grow or else to die. It is the law of the spirit. It is for the individual and for the whole race. We can endure to be hungry and to suffer pain, we cannot endure not to grow, which means to pass up from the animal which gets on by violence and fighting, and to become human with a new growth in the fruits of the spirit. Men can exist under constraint

in a prison, a work-house, a sweat-shop, beneath the dictatorship of the proletariat, but we need freedom as men to thrive and to grow. We propose to be slow therefore in taking over any scheme for human development which tyrants, or dictators, or majorities compel upon us, whether in factories or town-meetings. Men have not yet become good democrats so long as they force their will upon their fellows. Every page of history from the time of the little Greek cities to Soviet Russia is a warning that the opportunity to vote on any subject—as to who shall steer the ship, or what ought to be a minimum wage, may work out foolishness, hardship and injustice, and this too on a huge scale, all for the want among the voters, either educated or ignorant, of that good temper and mutual respect which at every issue honestly desires to be shown what is the best for all of us. A good democracy is not essentially a "government of men" or a "government of laws," but what men are moved to do in an atmosphere of freedom and friendliness.

Let us proceed then as Nature does by experiment, boldly and at the same time with proper caution. Even if the rashness of men brings a flood, let us see to it that they have an ark big enough to save a few of the old creatures, and not paint the earth grey with a brand-new type of animal. Let us rejoice when men catching the idea of just co-operation can make their enterprises prosper; but let us also gladly observe that the spirit of democracy may be and often is now happily at work in shops and factories, where directors and workers and stockholders and consumers treat each other as they would wish to be treated and no one wants what does not belong to him and no one grudges another his larger earnings and all conceive of themselves as fellows in the endless task of civilization. Where the good will is, there will be democracy always prompting men to do better. CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

It is well worth noting, as a side-light on how we are governed these days in America, that the discovery and investigation of the oil and other scandals of the Harding administration have resulted to date in just one indictment—that of Senator Wheeler of Montana, the man, next only to Senator Walsh, most largely responsible for what we know today. From this interesting fact, it may be assumed that to rob your country is venal, to protect it is criminal.

Papini is not coming to America this summer. For this relief, much thanks!

Rev. T. L. Martin, of the Central Methodist Church of Evansville, Indiana, recently preached against war, and submitted a questionnaire on the subject to his congregation. *The Christian Century* reports the amazing and heartening result as follows:

"Do you favor a defensive war?" Yes, 26 per cent.
"Do you favor the outlawing of all wars?" Yes, 72 per cent.
"Are you conscientiously opposed to all wars?" Yes, 73 per cent.

We got a dreadful start the other day when we received a book entitled "Revolutionary New England." "What!" we cried, "has New England tumbled into the hands of the Bolsheviks?" Then we opened the volume, and discovered that it was a history of the days before 1775! Times certainly do change!

The insufferable snobbery, and worse, of our American educational institutions was never more perfectly illustrated than by a recent action of New York University. A certain Danish prince came to this country to marry a very rich and conspicuous society girl. In his entourage, the prince brought his father, Prince Valdemar, "a brother of the Dowager Queen Alexandra of England, the ex-Empress of Russia, and the Duchess of Cumberland." And New York University conferred upon this Prince Valdemar the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws!!!

Dr. Burton, in nominating Mr. Coolidge, addressed the delegates as "Fellow-citizens of America, the greatest country the world has even known." Which raises a question we have never been able to answer! Why is personal boasting insufferable, and national boasting a virtue?

J. H. H.

A DEDICATION

O pioneers, who live within this brain
And body: drivers of the slow ox-train,
Settlers who built with muscle, ax, and gun,
Neighbors to danger, friends of plain and sun,
Let me find unknown worlds, nor be content
Till I too have with pain and slow torment
Stumbled across some trackless continent.

Poetry. —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Back to Sofia

Cyril Strolloff was tilling the soil in far-off Bulgaria, in a suburb of Sofia, the capitol of Bulgaria. There he was born, there he spent his childhood days, and there he had lived for the last twenty years. He had now reached his twentieth year.

When he was yet in his teens, Cyril had worked. His mother had died at his birth and his father had been killed in the last revolution his country had engaged in. As far back as he could recall, he was constantly alone in the world, always struggling along and making as much progress as was possible.

From sunrise to sunset, on the little home farm near Sofia he made his livelihood. In the evenings he took to his night lodgings in an obscure part of the Capital. It was this lonely spot that he yearned for each day. With eagerness was the setting of the sun looked forward to. This was one of Cyril's greatest delights. He liked to watch the beautiful colors of the vanishing rays, for the disappearance of the last meant that now he was through with the tilling.

With the sun hidden, Cyril made haste to his home in Sofia. He would hastily satisfy his hunger, and at once proceed to his greatest love of life. The will to be some day an electrical engineer was uppermost in Cyril's ambitious mind. Here he could be seen in the dim light each night and often until early morning leaning over fine print in a large thick text book. From his early youth the desire was burning within him to attain this high aim which he coveted more than anything else.

For almost two years he had been taking a course in electrical engineering. He was overwhelmed with the speedy progress he was making. He was already looking forward to the time when he would have attained his ideal, when he would have the opportunity to show his latent talent along this road.

He was completing his second year of study and had received very high praise from his master. He was happy over his great success. He was zealous to go on further and felt compelled to strive harder than ever.

Since his father had been killed in the late revolution, the youth, Cyril, had been alone in Sofia. He had but one relative in a far-distant part of Bulgaria. His other relatives were living in America. His closest blood relation was an uncle living in a large city of the United States. At various intervals Cyril would receive letters from this uncle who was the brother of his father, and who, since his brother's death, had had a warm feeling for Cyril; for when he left for America Cyril, though only in his early teens, had convinced him that not by any means was this youngest nephew of his a dull child.

When Cyril replied to his uncle's letters—which always inquired how he was getting along in every detail—he would rarely ever complain of his hard life and arduous struggle, for Cyril's was an independent nature, and then again he was too imbued with the love for his studies, about which he was so energetic.

When he came home the day after he had completed his second year, he found a letter from his uncle. He was much excited as he finished reading the long letter, for it contained word to the effect that his uncle was sending him funds to come to America to live with him. He need but give his consent and all would be arranged. That night he could not study. He just simply sat still deeply musing over the news. Should he reply in the affirmative or not? For some time back he had had the idea of going to America, but it never dawned upon him that so soon would he realize this yearning. Often he had read of the great engineers of the melting pot of the world where many like himself had migrated to meet with high results. He, too, therefore, thought that he could do likewise if the opportunity would arise. And now this chance was his. Should he take it or not? At one end of his mind, something was whispering to his independent spirit not to fall back upon the hospitality of his uncle. In another spot, there was a strong feeling pushing him on—pulling him along to where all ambitious people desire to go.

America with its riches; America with its vast opportunities, was appealing to Cyril's innate wishes. * * * Finally his vivid imagination led him to conset to his uncle's request that he come to live with him.

It was not long before Cyril received the necessary funds, and at once he made haste to make all arrangements for the long voyage. In three days all was ready; the few friends that he had, he bid good-bye and all wished him happiness and success.

Now he was aboard the vessel. All through the voyage he was imagining glorious America. This joyfulness helped him overcome the many hardships that were encountered in the unusual long time that it took him to reach his destination.

As he reached the eastern port, he was met by his uncle and together they boarded a train for the large iron and steel center of America. As Cyril and his uncle finally reached the new home, it was with the greatest joy and gladness that Cyril had his first meal in that freest of all countries, America. It seemed to this youth that he had reached the deepest satisfaction of his life. Now he thought he would be free of worry and such intense struggle as heretofore had been his lot. Now he would enjoy studies much more, for now he would attend the university and with the assistance of the learned professors, he would make greater strides than ever. Such were the intense desires that were within this happy youth's mind. He was willing to work ever so hard only so he could attend the university during the day.

After a rest of two weeks from his seven months journey across the ocean, Cyril commenced to attend the public school during the day so it would enable him to learn the new language. In the remaining hours he did odd jobs to earn a little money, but he soon got a job as a baker. This job had to be worked night turn only, so the only time he had for sleep or rest was the time after school and before work, so in all he had but four hours of rest and some times five at the most.

But this grave task did not discourage or tire him. After six months, he had mastered the English language sufficiently to enable him to register for the university to further his studies in electrical engineering.

In this new environment, a bitter thought began to hover about within Cyril's heart. Somehow he thought himself not safe in his new country. Already he had made application for his first citizenship certificate. But still darkness was all about him. A shadow seemed to follow him wherever he went.

At frequent intervals his thoughts turned back to the time he had arrived at the port.

From Bulgaria, as from every other country a certain number of people could come to America, and no more. Each year or half year a quota was fixed and when this quota was filled, no more could enter the United States. Thus arrangements were such that many times more people arrived at American ports than could legally enter. Hence it often occurred that many immigrants had to return to their native land after voyaging for months, and when they arrived here, if the quota was already filled, back these unfortunate ones must go.

This very thing occurred to Cyril. The quota was already filled from Bulgaria and Cyril arrived too late. It was the most vexing dilemma that the ambitious youth ever found himself in. Seven months voyage—America at last reached—now turn back from whence he came. Seven months ago he was undecided whether he altogether wished to go, but at the same time he yearned to go; he wished that he could make himself go. Now he was here—but he came too late. Enough have entered into the land of the free and the home of opportunity. No more Bulgarians must enter the golden shores. It is forbidden by the law of the land of justice and liberty. But what should this lad do? Must he really turn back? The immigration official emphatically says so. But it seems impossible to force one to turn back after traveling for seven long weary months. Yet now he must not tread on American soil. It seemed unbelievable to young Cyril. The youthful mind could not perceive it. No, not even the mind of this hardened lad of nigh twenty-one could see through this vexing question. Go back, go back, came repeating in Cyril's ears. Yet how could he?

This heart-rending situation was met by the intervention of Cyril's uncle when he met him at the port. Cyril was being held for deportation when his uncle arrived on the scene. After signing a bond stating that Cyril must be a student in some school, if he wished to remain within American shores, all was well once more—well to a certain degree. This stipulation was for the good, but there was one statement on the bond that was far from pleasing. It further stated that because Cyril arrived after the quota was filled, that therefore he could be deported at any time seen fit by the immigration officials.

It was this that inflicted a sad-heart-breaking wound in the entire being of ambitious Cyril. If the bond was to guarantee that he should attend some university, then well pleased would he be, but the thought that in the near future—when he could not know—he could be compelled to return to his old home—this overwhelmed him with sorrow. Each time the thought of this gripped him with agony.

Cyril Strolloff was now in his second year at the university. The end of the first year found him with highest honors in his class in engineering. He felt happy at the high results he had attained in his first year in the new country. He was still working as a baker during the night. This did not give him much rest, but he did not mind this so long as the immigration authorities did not interfere with him. By this time he had become accustomed to the American mode of living. He soon learned all about its history and institutions. Not much time was left him to mingle with the outside world, but what he saw and knew of the American people caused him to like them. He often spoke of them as a "lovely and kind people."

Being young and ambitious, he strove ahead. And he made speedy progress in whatever he undertook. His perseverance in trying to learn American ways and ideals, quickly assimilated him with all that was typical of America. Often his relatives and friends remarked on the great success he had made in the very short time he was here. His professors at the university often expressed their astonishment at all he had accomplished in but one year and a half.

This caused Cyril to be proud of himself, and he was thankful and grateful to all who had assisted him in his struggles here. But always as he would retire after study hours to rest before commencing work, the dark thought of being forced to return to Bulgaria, came to his mind. At times he could not sleep nor study because of the agony and absolute horror this caused him. "Suppose he should receive word on the morrow that he must return." This was always first, foremost, and uppermost in his mind. Do what he could, this black thought did not escape him.

Shadows of misery and darkness were hovering all about him. Wherever he was, in school or at work, the picture of his old home was before him. At times he would imagine himself standing at the vessel, ready to board for home. This picture at times caused tears to flow from his deep blue eyes.

He was now thinking of the day when he could enter on his engineering duties. He could not wait until he could pursue his electrical-engineering profession for which he had waited so long, and of which he had dreamed since his early youth.

With endurance and great perseverance he had made almost double time in his studies at the university, so now he but needed one more year after the next semester, to complete his course. This filled him with heavenly joy. No greater happiness could come to him.

Two more months and the present term would end. He was now thinking of once more attending summer classes as he had done before, thus enabling him to make time. By this time he had almost forgotten about returning to his native land. For it was now nigh two years since he left it. His mind was occupied with the examinations that were soon to begin. And he felt sure of success.

Since he had been in the new country, he had at different intervals received letters from his friends in Sofia. But rarely ever did he get any letters from anyone here, for he knew hardly anybody outside of the city he now lived in.

On the day after the first examination, as he came into his room in a very happy spirit, he noticed a letter on his desk. He was always glad to see a letter, for he was anxious to hear from his native friends. As he took the letter in his hands he noticed that it did not have a foreign stamp, and at once he became excited. He looked at the return address and he immediately recognized it as coming from the United States Immigration Bureau. He grew red in the face, became all excited, then grew faint.

He opened the letter with shivering hands and pulled the letter out with nervous fingers. The letter, though short, sounded the death knell for the once ambitious youth. In one sentence the letter stated that he would have to go back from whence he came the following week.

The cold words left him just as cold. It was as if he had sunk into the depths of eternal hell. All seemed

useless, worthless. All was vain. Nothing could interest him. When his uncle came home, he told him the sad tidings. All sympathized with the hopeless soul. But it was of no avail. Attempts were made to stop the deportation, but with no results. Back, back, he must go.

His uncle bade him not to work the next week, but Cyril at least wished to pay his uncle for the money he had given for a ticket, so he kept at his work to the last day. He also continued school, but his mind was absent. He could not concentrate. Anything he tried to do failed. His mind was dull; it was as if his entire being was frozen.

Once more he pleaded with the immigration authorities. He at least desired to stay until the end of the school term. But, no, he could not. The officials must not allow such violation of the law, he was told.

On a cold blistering morning Cyril boarded the vessel once more. With a sad countenance and a broken heart, he bid all farewell. Just two years ago he was happy, contented, looking forward to a better and more hopeful future than he had ever dreamed before. Only two years ago he boarded the vessel in the most joyful spirits. All looked glorious and rosy.

Now two years had elapsed. He had already taken out his first citizenship papers. He knew the English language as well as most any native American. He was now fully assimilated. At the university, he was making great strides. Always he had completed the examinations with the highest records. Many honors were his.

One more year and Cyril Strolloff would take his place as one of the most promising electrical engineers of America. And this young ambitious lad was never more happy in his life. But at the last moment when joy was at its highest, a cold merciless law decreed that it should end. A heartless authority said, Cyril must no longer enjoy the great success he had attained in his short stay in the home of freedom and opportunity.

And this cold, heartless law must rule supreme. Go back, go back! He must go back, back, from whence he came.

BENJAMIN P. CHASS.

My Jail Experiences

III

In this chapter I propose to discuss the results of the officials thinking that their duty ends with caring for the health of the prisoners, preventing fights among them or abscondings. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the jails may be described as well or ill managed cattle-farms. A superintendent who ensures good food for the prisoners and does not punish without cause, is considered both by the Government and the prisoners as a model superintendent. Neither party expects more. If a superintendent were to introduce the real human touch in his relations with the prisoners, he is very likely to be misunderstood by the prisoners and will very probably be distrusted by the Government as being unpractical, if not worse.

The jails have therefore become hot-beds of vice and degradation. The prisoners do not become better for their life in them. In most cases they become worse than before. Perhaps all the world over the jails are an institution the most neglected by the public. The result is that there is little or no public check on their administration. It is only when a political prisoner of some fame finds himself within the walls of a prison, that there is any public curiosity about the happenings therein.

What classification there is of prisoners is regulated more in the interests of the administration than those of the prisoners. Thus for instance, one would find habitual criminals and persons who have committed not a moral but a merely statutory offence are put together in the same yard, in the same block and even in the same cell. Fancy forty or fifty persons of varying types being locked in the same cell for night after night! An educated man who had been convicted under the Stamp Act for having used an officially defaced stamp, was put in the same block as habitual offenders regarded as dangerous characters. It is no unusual things to see murderers, abductors, thieves, and mere statutory offenders huddled together. There are some tasks which can only be done jointly by several men, such as working the pump. Able-bodied men alone can be put on to such tasks. Some highly sensitive men were included in one such gang. Now the ordinary prisoners in such a gang will use language which no decent man would care to hear. The men who use indecent language have no sense of indecency in the language they use. But a sensitive man will feel most uncomfortable when such language is used in his presence. Convict-warders are in immediate charge of such gangs. In the discharge of their duty, it is customary for them to swear at prisoners in the choicest billingsgate. And when they are sufficiently worked up they do not spare the rod either. Needless to say both the punishments are not only unauthorized but they are unlawful. I could however present quite a decent catalogue of things unlawful that happen in jails to the knowledge of, and sometimes even with the connivance of, officials. In the case mentioned by me the sensitive prisoner could not put up with the foul language. He therefore refused to work in the gang unless it was stopped. It was due to the prompt intervention of Major Jones that a most awkward situation was averted. But the relief was momentary. He had no power to stop a recurrence of the trouble; for it must continue to recur so long as prisoners are not classified in accordance with a moral standard and with regard to their human requirements rather than administrative convenience.

One would have thought that in a jail where every prisoner is under surveillance night and day and can never be out of the sight of a warder, crimes will not be possible. But unfortunately every conceivable crime against morality is not only possible but is committed almost with impunity. I need not mention small pilferings, deceptions, petty and even serious assaults, but I wish to refer to unnatural crimes. I will not shock the reader with any details. In spite of my many jail experiences, I did not think that such crimes were possible in jails. But the Yerawada experience gave me more than one painful shock. The discovery of the existence of unnatural crimes produced one of the greatest of shocks. All the officials who spoke to me about them said that under the existing system it was impossible to prevent them. Let the reader understand that in a

majority of cases the consent of the victim is lacking. It is my deliberate opinion that it is possible to prevent such crimes, if the administration of jails is humanized and can be made a matter of public concern. The number of prisoners in the jails of India must be several hundred thousand. It should be the concern of public workers to know what happens to them. After all, the motive behind punishment is reformation. The legislature, the judge and the jailor are believed to expect that the punishments would act as deterrents, not merely for the physical and mental hurt they cause, but for the repentance that prolonged isolation must bring about. But the fact is that punishments only brutalize the prisoners. In the jails they are never given an opportunity for repentance and reform. The human touch is lacking. True, there is a weekly visit from religious preachers. I was not permitted to attend any of these meetings, but I know that they are mostly shams. I do not wish to suggest that the preachers are shams. But a religious service once a week for a few minutes can produce no impression on those who ordinarily see nothing wrong in crimes. It is necessary to provide a responsive atmosphere in which a prisoner unconsciously sheds bad and cultivates good habits.

But such atmosphere is impossible so long as the system of entrusting convicts with most responsible work is continued. By far the worst part of the system is the appointment of convict-officers. These men are necessarily long-term prisoners. They are therefore men who have committed the most serious crimes. Generally the bullies are chosen as warders. They are the most forward. They succeed in pushing themselves to the front. They are the instruments for the commission of almost all the crimes that take place in the jails. A free fight resulting in one death once took place because two such warders, concerned in the same prisoner who was a victim of their unnatural lust. Every one knew what was happening in the jail. But the authorities intervened only to prevent further fighting and further bloodshed. These convict-officers recommend tasks for the other prisoners. They supervise the tasks. They are responsible for the good behavior of the prisoners under their charge. In fact the will of the permanent officers is expressed and carried out through these convicts who are dignified as officers. The marvel to me was that under such a system things were not much worse than they actually were. It once more demonstrated to me how superior men were to a wicked system as they were inferior to a good one. Human beings seem naturally to seek the middle path.

The whole of the cooking too is entrusted to prisoners. The result is indifferent cooking and organized favoritism. It is the prisoners who grind corn, shred vegetables, cook food, and serve. When complaints as to short and badly cooked rations were recurringly made, the invariable answer was that the remedy was in their own hands as they cooked their own food, as if they were related to one another and understood mutual responsibility! Once when I pushed the argument to its logical extent, I was told that no administration would afford the cost. I differed from the view at the time of argument. Further observation has confirmed me in my contention that under a well-devised system jail administration can be made self-supporting. I hope to devote a chapter to an examination of jail economics. For the present I must satisfy myself with saying that no question of cost can possibly be admitted as relevant in a consideration of moral abuses.

Young India. —*Mahatma Gandhi.*

(*To be continued.*)

The Outlawry of War

I suggest the abolition of war as a legal system, to be accomplished by one step. It is:

That war be outlawed and declared a crime under the law of nations, and that its use as a means of settlement of disputes be abolished.

This plan is not in opposition to other plans. It is necessary to the fulfilment of other peace plans, but it roots deeper than all of them. It is basic. You cannot disarm unless you outlaw war. Machinery for international co-operation cannot achieve peace in a world which sanctions war.

It is not possible nor necessary to abolish the causes of war before we make war illegal. We did not abolish jealousy, hatred, greed, nor the other human emotions which give rise to killings before we made murder a crime.

There is now no law, nor even any declaration made by the nations, forbidding war. War is not a crime. Fighting between individuals, unless in self-defense, is criminal; purposeful and malicious killing, except in self-defense, is murder. The only wars which are now illegal and criminal are wars of liberation like our own Revolution of 1776. We have to make the world agree that international fighting, unless in self-defense, is criminal; is murder.

Some men say that you cannot penalize war, because it is always said to be in self-defense; but the law of self-defense in individual law is made so plain that a man must prove self-defense in order to justify a killing. When the international code is written condemning war as murder, nations claiming self-defense will have to come within that law in order to justify a war.

To make specific what I mean with regard to the law of self-defense between nations, we have to establish law that only an overt act amounting to attack justifies resort to war. Such an overt act could never consist of mere suspicion, threat or inflammatory speeches by citizens, officials, or jingo representatives.

Who should enact the law is plain. It must be enacted by the civilized world. It need not be enacted by a legislature nor a parliament. It can be enacted by a simple conference as a universal treaty. And America, the first great nation to live in friendship with her neighbors, should call a conference to outlaw war, through a treaty followed by a code convention to enact and codify international law along lines of international justice.

How can a court stop war if there is no law against war? I have sat in murder trials. How could I even impanel a jury to try a man for murder if there were no law making murder a crime and punishing it as such? No court in the world can maintain peace while war is legal.

War has many remote causes. The immediate ostensible cause is always some dispute. You cannot eliminate war unless you substitute some other method of

handling the dispute. But in this process war must be made illegal, a crime against society, or nations will still use war. Nations are particularly apt to use war if their cause is weak, but when war is made disreputable, nations will hesitate to use it, and it will be made disreputable whenever it is made illegal.

No league, no association, no world court, can ever do away with war, unless war is made illegal. Any league or association which tries to prevent war by making war is doomed to failure.

And that brings me to the proposition that the court's decrees must not be enforced by physical power. You cannot eliminate force between nations by using force. One reason for this is that the nations will never consent to a super-government. To be practical, in order to work, any international organization must be based upon agreement only, i. e., treaty; being based on agreement, the organization will be disrupted if force is used. Moreover, the seeds of hatred sown in using force to repress war are just as evil as those sown in the war which the force was employed to repress.

Laws are not enforced through physical force only; they are also enforced through public opinion. The better part of law enforcement is done through public conscience. That is because real laws, which have a moral basis, are the expression of the moral feeling of the community.

The same force of public opinion can be built up among the nations. It cannot be built up until the moral law that war is illegal is expressed in terms of law. The law must be expressed so that the spiritual strength of the world, always much greater than we admit, may rally to its backing. War must be outlawed, in order that this spiritual force which will teach the nations not to learn war any more, not to want to learn war any more, may be released and vitalized. At present it is impotent. This spiritual force—this desire not to war, because war is a crime—will finally be the most potent force toward peace, and hence we should express the law if for no other purpose than to release this force. —*Justice Florence E. Allen. Federal Council Bulletin.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Dynastic State in History

Those whom universal slavery clothes with a magic power, stand, here and there, above the prostrate human race.—*Barbusse.*

The abhorrent features which have distinguished the dynastic state in the world war are matters inseparable from its organization. Every indictment of autocracy in the twentieth century was justly made in the seventeenth against the methods of Louis XIV. Broken treaties, ruthless armies, permeating intrigues, rapine, and destruction entered into the war-making of Louis "the Magnificent," much more intensely than into that of William II. The dynastic system is the historical root of war. It rests on force, treachery, and superstition, and there can be no absolute certainty of lasting peace until civilized nations cast aside its theory and its practice, which in time of war each of them cheerfully imitates each in its degree.

The quotations which follow indicate the nature of the dynastic state as revealed in history.

Some twenty centuries ago, the Caledonian chief Galgaeus thus described the Roman conquerors of Scotland:

Robbers of the world, having by their universal plunder exhausted the land, they rifle the deep. If the enemy be rich, they are rapacious; if he be poor, they lust for dominion; neither the east nor the west has been able to satisfy them. Alone among men they covet with equal eagerness poverty and riches. To robbery, slaughter, plunder, they give the lying name of empire; they make a desert and call it peace.

England suffered in the same way. The British chiefs thus complain:

All we get by patience is that heavier demands are exacted from us, as from men who will readily submit. A single king once ruled us; now two are set over us: a legate to tyrannize over our lives, a procurator to tyrannize over our property. Their quarrels and their harmony are alike ruinous to their subjects. The centurions of the one, the slaves of the other, combine violence with insult. Nothing now is safe from their avarice, nothing from their lust. In war it is the strong who plunders; now, it is for the most part by cowards and poltroons that our homes are rifled, our children torn from us, and conscription enforced. (Tacitus, Agricola.)

Mr. A. R. Nykl of Grinnell, Iowa, has called my attention to a very rare little book, *"Le Salut de l'Europe"* ("The Salvation of Europe"), published in 1695. Of this exceedingly rare volume, Mr. Nykl says:

Some years ago, when rummaging the dusty piles of cast-off books in a little bookstore in Yokohama, I picked it up, more out of pity for its age than for its contents, for that was long before the war. But ever since the war began, the little book has revealed to me more and more clearly how nations change their roles in the course of time, and how whilom outlaws become martyrs and *vice-versa*. . . Today it is William II of Prussia. In 1695 it was Louis XIV, the Sun King of France.

The full title of the book is *Le Salut de l'Europe, considéré dans une état de crise, avec un avertissement aux alliés, sur les conditions de paix que la France propose aujourd'huy.*

Speaking of the France of Louis XIV, the anonymous author says: (Nykil's translation.)

She stops at nothing when it comes to the achievement of her own selfish ends. Her ambition is to bring the whole world into her servitude. She needs no justified motive for war, but considers what she does as lawful. She measures the limit of her acts by armed strength, satisfies her inordinate pride by licentiousness, disdains all law human and divine, and thus shows herself the enemy of the whole world.

What is most revolting in her conduct, however, is that she not only violates all treaties, but when she invades foreign territory she commits indescribable cruelties as if she believed that by repudiating all laws, human and divine, she were at liberty to do whatever her evil genius inspires her. . . Nothing is spared except what she proposes to keep. . . . These atrocities have been ordered by the chiefs of the army, and those generals whose feelings of humanity made them shrink from following out these orders to the letter have been severely punished. . . The whole of Europe should rise against her and make it impossible that similar atrocities be again inflicted on posterity in future centuries. . . The Parliament is a theater in which interests subservient to the court play at will with the holiest treasures of the nation. . . France is a victim of the ambition of her kings and a vain vision of glory, which renders the fetters on her neck heavier each year. . . [The people] are slaves of their king, whose bidding is to them a divine law. . . A system of espionage is maintained for the purpose of keeping the people in a state of submission. Similar practices were instrumental in building up the Turkish Empire.

Of all her invasions none was more scandalous than the last she made in the Netherlands, in violation of all treaties. This was an act which the French historians will never be able to justify. . . These continuous violations of peace treaties render it impossible to trust the sincerity of overtures for peace. . . We see that France has been able victoriously to

resist a powerful array of the most formidable European powers against her; namely, England, Holland, Spain, the German Confederacy and Austria. It is fortunate indeed that Europe has been apprised of the immense inherent strength of the French monarchy while it is not yet too late to prevent her from securing the absolute domination of Europe and thus the hegemony of the whole world. . . We can distinctly see that the great resources which enabled her to execute her plans so rapidly at the beginning are perceptibly dwindling away, that hunger and misery within her frontiers are becoming general, and that she had to make a supreme effort to organize her last campaign.

On the frontispiece of the book appears a portrait of Louis XIV engaged in tearing up the Treaty of Nymwegen; other torn scraps of paper, the Armistice of Ratisbon and the Treaty of Westphalia, lie at his feet. Over the engraving appears the motto, fit for any dynasty: "I am not a slave of my words."

The above quotations, with myriads of others to be drawn from history, illustrate the fact that international war springs primarily from irresponsible government. Modern conflict is not often a question of race or language or religion, still less of "Capitalism," or of "Commercial Greed." "Capital" is conservative, anxious to hold its own, suspicious of reform and altogether opposed to violence. Fear of the loss of power and desire for the prestige of victory lie behind most modern wars.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

TO HEAVEN WITH THE FUNDAMENTALISTS!

Editor of UNITY:

Now according to the daily news, we have the reverend Billy Sunday, not very reverently shouting, "To Hell with the Modernists!" And, somehow, it seems quite what one should reasonably expect. Quite in keeping with the natural activity of a thoroughgoing orthodox mind. From such minds the utmost brutality of dogmatism is logically a matter of course. For one I am pleased with Billy and am quite willing to fall in with his suggestion. Whether it was kindly spoken or otherwise the idea is excellent. When the holy churchmen and their "God" abandon the souls of any to perdition, right there is where my heart thrills with the desire to stand by the abandoned ones.

Truly, I answer Billy Sunday's explosive outburst with just as hearty a: To Heaven with the Fundamentalists! Only, I must add: To Heaven with all of us; and to Hell with our quibbles and squabbles!

People do not come into the orthodox frame of mind typified by Billy Sunday's "To Hell with the Modernists!" unless their native manhood has been warped into the semblance of something diabolic. There is a process by the continuance of which the mind of man can be tricked into any kind or degree of false belief. "Catch 'em young" and you can inoculate the most innocent child with this virus of bigotry until they are ready to imagine that they think the wildest absurdity a God's truth. This process of becoming "orthodox" is an old time method practiced by the church in all ages. It is what keeps the church going, and will keep it going, until the happy time comes when the rank and file of human beings become better informed.

We forward-looking humanitarians, know that life itself and the very stars are on the side of decency and kindliness and love. We know that as civilization progresses and culture becomes more real the Billy Sundays of the church are constantly finding their job more difficult. It is not so easy as it was to make hellfire popular. The soul of man is so fundamentally akin to sweetness and light that it instinctively purges itself of all littleness and meanness of thought. The false beliefs with which the unsuspecting minds of children are systematically poisoned cannot be kept alive except by the most persistent cleverness and energy—hence the Billy Sundays and their, "to hell with everything that does not bow down to the church."

What about it? What are we Modernists doing to make the situation more difficult for those who try by their own arrested development to prove the impossibility of evolution? Are we to sit smilingly by while these pathetic notions of God are being pumped into unsophisticated minds? Are we content to be gently tolerant and amiably liberal? Are we too fine of spirit to show spirit? Or is liberalism and modernism a lullaby of the soul leaving us blissfully indifferent to what is being foully done and said in the sacred name of truth?

We have heard lately from men in high places that a spiritual revival is coming. It is, if those who care for human life and its progress are sufficiently in earnest to bring it about. We have the gospel of beauty, the gospel of the love of truth, the gospel of science, the gospel of gladness—yes! the gospel of the Divine Being who is the unity of all being. We have infinitely the advantage of those who in the name of the Bible teach the thus far and no farther of orthodoxy. We have something in the name of which we ought to become inspired prophets by whose enthusiasm and eloquence the world might be inspired. The trouble with modernism is that it is not modern enough. It fails to meet the issue of the age by that which the age itself can provide. Why do we not come squarely into the open and in the friendliest possible fashion hand over to the church all that belongs to the church—"lock, stock and barrel." This, that or the other interpretation of scripture—what matters which?

Inasmuch as a comparatively small percentage of our fellowmen are interested in the quibbles and squabbles of the official custodians of the sacred archives, why not follow their good example and cease to be interested ourselves? *It is the world we care for;* therefore, when for any reason the world goes elsewhere than to church rather than lose touch with the world can we not devise a new method to help to unify the soul of mankind? There is not a noble truth that can be intelligently presented under the sanction of the church which could not be voiced with equal intelligence without any theological or ecclesiastical endorsement.

Sooner or later, whether we help to hasten its coming or not, there will be a restatement of Christianity in terms of the needs of human life, in terms the world will instantly understand. That which belongs to life needs no church or bible to make it sacred. That which belongs to life was what Jesus cared for—His enthusiasm was all for humanity. He would have the world's life transformed into a thing of truth and beauty, into a kingdom of love. He taught the sanctity of the human and the holiness of all human relationships. Whatever is done to any child of earth is done to God. Divine fellowship! Divine fellowship! Divine fellowship! Nothing could be more beautiful, more Godlike than to create between all the children of earth a divine fellowship.

Whoever imagines that the world cares less for truth and beauty because the world does not go to church is making the mistake of putting the cart before the horse. The world's heart is hungry for a bread of life that it has not found in the church—a bread of life that needs no supernatural butter to make it palatable. The world was never more honestly eager for genuine enlightenment than it is today; and that is exactly the reason why there are so many empty churches.

Why handicap our efforts to reach the world by insisting upon the church? Why expect people to become bible-students as a necessary preliminary to being religious? The two things have no necessary relation. Even religion itself means nothing but a life purified of selfishness and raised to its highest human value. This is our gospel—everyday it is more modern than the day before. As regular as sunrise we are to cry, Let there be light! We are to find life itself so abundant and full, so beautiful and true that we cannot rest until every creature shares with us its joy. Life has never failed. Life is not lost or in need of salvation. Life is as God made it. Life is God's life. All beauty is God's beauty and all truth is His truth. God is the beautiful personification of everything and the purpose of it all.

Thanks! Billy Sunday, for your delightfully provocative ejaculation. I love you for your splendid out and outness of manner. And my dear sir, if it will give you the least pleasure be assured that even in hell those of us who truly love our fellowmen will have it in our power to build heaven.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Halcyon Heights, Crawford, Colorado.

TRUE MODERNISM IN RELIGION

To the Editor of UNITY:

The article "The Issues of Fundamentalists and Modernists" which appeared in UNITY for May 29th, 1924, prompts me,

a non-Christian outside of the controversy, unequivocally in sympathy with Modernism to offer a brief comment.

The article undertakes to defend Modernism yet appears to content itself with the feebler considerations, overlooking the stronger ones. Like many other current discussions, it deals with corollaries of Modernism—such as the acceptance of certain biological and historical conclusions—rather than with Modernism itself. The basic issue is not whether man did or did not evolve from a lower animal type or whether the virgin birth, the resurrection, etc., actually occurred: the all important thing is the view point behind the conclusions respectively adopted.

One of the few treatments of the subject in which this is perceived is the article "Why There Can Be No Conflict Between True Religion and Science" by Percival Chubb in *The Standard* for May, 1922. In this article Mr. Chubb says:

"The conflict between religion and science is due to a confusion of the nature and office of each. Briefly, science is concerned with facts: religion with values. Science deals with matter; religion with meanings. . . . Science says: 'So things are and have been': religion says 'So things are not, but should and shall be.'"

We might add that the moment you identify religion with a set of allegations regarding the occurrence of certain events, you have a religion which is religion in name only but which is in reality not religion at all but merely an inaccurate kind of science, or pseudo-science.

The unhappy misconception obviously has its roots in the age old identification of religion with belief. "Glaube" in German means both "belief" and "religion." While psychologically inevitable, this identification is perhaps the outstanding tragedy of human intellectual history. As long as religion is understood to consist in believing certain things the inevitable result will be not only the fatal collisions with science but, what is no less deplorable, the neglect of the precious domain within which religion may properly function. How well Mr. Chubb expresses it in the article referred to!

"And this, we may say incidentally, explains religion's lack of spiritual potency. It squanders energy on beliefs that don't matter. It meddles with issues that divert the mind and heart from the only thing that does matter, namely, the understanding and the application of ethical principles to the facts of life in all its compass, personal and social."

Believing is precisely what religion is *not*. Religion is a loving and serving, a sacrificing and hoping, a yearning and striving, a seeking, responding, and experiencing. If anywhere, the laboratory is the place for believing—not the church. It is misleading to speak even of the belief in God. Anything which is so finite, so contingent, so problematic as to be the object of either belief or disbelief can not be God. One may believe (or disbelieve) that there are canals on Mars or that vaccination prevents smallpox. But the "love that wilt not let me go"—how can this be a matter of believing? To be at all, this must be a matter of the intimate personal experiencing which leaves believing and disbelieving equally far behind.

The Fundamentalist does not object to "Darwin" and the higher critics as such. What he objects to is dissent from certain beliefs. He is persuaded that when certain beliefs go, religion itself goes—an apprenhension entirely natural as long as religion and believing are identified. The Fundamentalist can not see that religion is consonant with any belief, every belief or no belief. Could he perceive this, his objections to "Darwin" and to the higher critics would vanish automatically and instantly. All biological and historical arguments are wasted on the Fundamentalist—are in fact shunned by him as so much devil's propaganda. What we must do therefore is to remove the idea that religion consists in believing certain things. The Fundamentalist will then accept evolution as readily as he now rejects it. By that time, to be sure, he will have ceased to be a Fundamentalist. The point however is that not biological and historical arguments but the divorce of religion from believing should be the Modernist program.

True religion is both the antithesis of Fundamentalism and the cure for Fundamentalism. Let men enter into the spirit of true religion and their souls will be satisfied. There will then be no temptation to resort to something labeled religion which is not religion, which, in fact, being a baneful derangement of our truth seeking process, is decidedly irreligious—a pseudo-science and a pseudo-religion in one. Once realize that God is not an object of belief but the spirit of love and the epithet "atheism" becomes applicable never to any doctrine but only to types of conduct at variance with that love. Religion will express itself in spiritual culture and discipline and the name "religion" will no longer attach to obscurantistic views on matters biological and historical—matters which have nothing to do with religion but which fall within the domain of science, subject to inquiry by scientific method, interpretation by scientific hypothesis and confirmation by scientific proof.

ABRAHAM CRONBACH.

Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

ANOTHER COMMENT ON MR. ARGOW'S ARTICLE

Editor, UNITY:

Can you spare me 3 or 4 copies of the issue of UNITY of May 29th? You will find $1.00 herewith to pay for them.

The address of Rev. W. W. W. Argow is supremely good. Nothing fairer, truer, clearer nor more convincing has come to me. It should and will exert a wide influence for *truth*, and truth in all its ramifications associated with religion pure and undefiled.

Woodstown, New Jersey. HENRY C. LIPPINCOTT.

GROWING SENTIMENT FOR THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

Editor of UNITY:

. . . The movement to outlaw war seems to me an important preliminary step toward the abolition of war. It is encouraging to mark the changing sentiment in relation to war. I have recently preached a series of four sermons advocating its absolute excommunication by the Church and outlawry by the State, which were reported by the local press. An encouraging thing to me has been the interest created in this view of it and the volume of favorable sentiment. It looks very much as if the war-makers are going to have harder going in the future. May it be so!

M. F. MCCUTCHEON.

First Baptist Church, Montreal.

THE BLIND IN BERLIN.

To the Editor of UNITY:

Once more I have to thank you most heartily for all the goodness towards my blind school. Really I don't know any longer how to thank you for all you are doing for this work. I can only tell you the results—that about every month one or more adult blind men or women leave the school and get positions that make them happy and save them from hunger and misery. I think that is the thanks which we all can feel who do more or less for this difficult work. May God save this country from another war.

Thanking you and all those kind people who sacrifice so much for us, I remain,

Dear Sir,
Yours very gratefully,

Berlin, Germany. BETTY HIRSCH.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MISSIONARIES.

(From a private letter.)

"I am very glad you answered by comments on missionary activities. I knew, of course, that you could hardly approve of their proselytizing. But do you know to my mind that is one of the least ways in which they do harm. You would be surprised if you knew how much they fanned the flame of hatred between the Armenians and Turks in Anatolia which resulted in massacres and deportations. In Greece they . . . are causing friction between the Greek Orthodox and the Protestants who might have settled quietly and mixed in with the Orthodox in every other activity but worship. Sending a Protestant preacher or a missionary to gather together such groups invariably causes a certain feeling of superiority or aloofness and draws a line against real community friendliness to all. I am glad you can think of the majority of missionaries as giving themselves unselfishly in a spirit of sacrifice to what they regard as the work of the Lord. I have known several doctors and nurses I could believe that of, but I have found the majority of missionaries much more selfish than the average lay person, narrow minded, and childishly delighted at having the Eastern peoples look up to them and flatter them in the hundred and one ways they have of so doing. What has surprised me still more is seeing how the missionaries live—always in the finest houses in the town or suburb where they are located, always with plenty of servants, all underpaid according to the country's custom, and every comfort the country offers and as many as can be brought from America as well! And the amount of travelling they do would astonish you. . ."

—X. Y. Z.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

PACIFISTS AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

[The following, clipped from the *Cosmopolitan Student,* gives an interesting summary of recent agitations at that institution.—J. H. H.]

In Northwestern University in February, 1924, thirty-eight students formed a group pledging themselves never again to take part in war. In March, 1924, 150 men and women students signed a petition asking for the abolition of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Following this action ex-service men of the Garrett Biblical Institute, the theology school of Northwestern, by a vote of 47 to 3, adopted the following resolution addressed to all veterans of the World War:

"Whereas you and we have served shoulder to shoulder in the World War in the enterprise of giving our lives for a world of peace and for the preservation of the institutions of democracy, and

"Whereas, we assume that you with us are discouraged and disillusioned concerning the war methods as effective in producing such a condition of peace, and

"Whereas, we feel certain that you are still as ready as you were during the war to devote the full power of your intellect and full expression of your will and last drop of blood in this same holy enterprise.

"We, the world war veterans of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., memorialize you to stand with us in the effort:

"(1) Ever to insist on the freedom of speech and the discussion of the subject of peace as on every other subject.

"(2) To condemn the use of violence or intimidation against any group who may be using methods different from ours in attempting to further the cause of peace; and

"(3) To join with us in efforts of any and every kind which have the avowed purpose of creating a civilization ruled by reason and motivated by tolerance and good will."

In response to this action, student R. O. T. C.'s met with Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Roberts, adopted resolutions denouncing the spread of pacifism and added to their resolution an oath of allegiance, asking President Scott of the University to demand that every student sign or refuse to sign it.

Following this demand, the executive committee of the trustees of Northwestern University adopted this resolution, which will be presented to the entire body of trustees at the June meeting:

"Although we do not believe that the time has come for the abolition of all means of preparedness by the United States, and that the maintenance of such training is out of harmony with the purposes of a Christian college, yet in view of the further fact that Northwestern College has no special obligation to maintain such a unit, since it receives no help from the government, but rather makes a large contribution to the public good . . . we recommend that at the end of this year the R. O. T. C. unit be discontinued."

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THE WAR AGAINST WAR.

Churches continue to go on record as unalterably opposed to the present war system. One of the groups to act recently was the Indiana district of the Evangelical synod of North America, which includes all the churches of this denomination in southern Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, southeastern Illinois, Florida, Georgia and Alabama. During the conference participated in by both ministerial and lay delegates, the following resolution was *unanimously* adopted:

"WHEREAS, It is our profound conviction that war as we know it today, is the inevitable resultant of competitive, selfish, predatory, and exploitive commercial interests; and

"WHEREAS, It is our conviction that such war is not only unjustifiable, inhuman, useless, and totally destructive to the physical, moral, social and spiritual welfare of the human race, but is as such the greatest of all crimes, hence the greatest collective sin of our present world-life, being diametrically opposed to the teachings of Jesus Christ, our Master and Lord, hence having nothing in common with Christianity;

"Therefore, Be It Resolved, 1. That the Indiana district of the Evangelical synod of North America does, herewith, declare war to be outlawed and urge our government in international conference to seek and strive after and encourage the outlawry of all war through international agreement and law.

"2. That we advise our government that because of the increasing profound, conscientious convictions within our churches that war is un-Christian, it cannot expect our financial, moral, social, or political influence in any future war, nor sanction nor approval of any material or ideal war aims for promoting racial and national antipathy and hostility between nations.

"3. That we sincerely urge our government to take such steps leading to our entrance into a World Court, through which international body permanent peace may be established.

"4. That we heartily endorse the suggestion of our President, Hon. Calvin Coolidge, and urge him to continue his efforts toward the end of calling a second international conference on disarmament, seeking the abolition not only of seacraft, but also of land forces and aircraft.

"5. That we memorialize the general conference of our synod, which is to be held in 1925, of our action and urge the conference to take similar or more stringent action, as a denomination, on the question of war."

"AROUND THE WORLD LETTER" PLAN

Tracy Strong, of the World's Committee Y. M. C. A., is organizing an "Around the World Letter" plan. The purpose is to help in the education of the Youth of World in "World Brotherhood." The plan is to start correspondence between organized groups of youths whether identified with schools, church, business, shops, Y. M. C. A. or other groups who are interested in forming friendships with groups in other countries as a basis for world brotherhood. An "Around the World" letter circuit is being formed. The plan emphasizes correspondence between groups and not between individual boys. Groups in at least four countries will be in this circuit correspondence.

A central "Around the World Letter" bureau will be at No. 3 Rue General Dufour, Geneva, Switzerland.

It is suggested for contents of letters there be stories, ideas of boys in other countries, customs in home, marriage, food, housing, newspapers, pictures, curios, heroes, holidays, games, etc. No two groups shall be in the same continent. A careful plan of keeping records of mailing has been worked out so as to reduce the probabilities of the "Around the World Letter" circuit being broken.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Covici-McGee Company, 158 W. Washington St., Chicago.
The Education of Ernest Wilmerding.—By Edward Chichester Wentworth.
The Valley of Euna and Other Poems of 1922.—By Edward Chichester Wentworth.

Century (The) Company, 353 Fourth Ave., New York.
The Ethics of Opium.—By Ellen N. LaMotte.

Friesma Bros. Press, Detroit, Mich.
Child Accounting.—By Arthur B. Moehlman.

Ganesh & Company, Madras, India.
Atmagnan, or Life in the Spirit.—By T. L. Vaswani.

The Stratford Company, 234-240 Boylston St., Boston.
On Making One's Self Beautiful.—By William C. Gannett.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, 5th Ave. & 48th St., New York.
The World's Living Religions.—By Robert Ernest Hume, Ph.D.
What is Modernism?—By Leighton Parks.
The Minister's Everyday Life.—By Lloyd C. Douglas.
Character and Happiness.—By Alvin E. Magary.

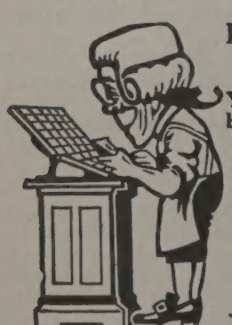
Swarjya Press, 19-21 Muker Nallamuthu St., Georgetown, Madras.
Spiritual Swadesi or Humanitarian Nationalism.—By G. Garisarvottama Rao.

Vimedia (The) Company, Kansas City, Mo.
The Way to Health Through the Vimedia System of Treatment.—Edited by James C. Fuller, Victor H. Laederich, Eugenia J. Reinhardt, J. Lloyd Alexander, Pauline A. Thompson.

Wise, William H., & Company, 50 West 47th St., N. Y.
Why I am a Christian.—By Dr. Frank Crane.

The Writers Publishing Co., Inc., 9 West 64th St., New York.
Franklin and Other Plays.—By Rita Benton.

World Book Company, Yonkers-On-Hudson, New York.
Government and Politics of Belgium.—By Thomas Harrison Reed.



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